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The Middle Twenties
John Farrar



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THE MIDDLE TWENTIES

John Farrar

By John Farrar

Poetry

FORGOTTEN SHRINES

SONGS FOR PARENTS

THE MIDDLE TWENTIES

Plays

THE MAGIC SEA SHELL
and Other Plays for Children

Editor of

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY
OF VERSE (1922)

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY
OF ESSAYS (1923)

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

The Middle Twenties

by

John Farrar



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THE MIDDLE TWENTIES



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

For

ALLAN BARNETT CAMPBELL

1897-1921

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SEARCH
(*For C. H.*)

Ego

I WANT to play grandly:
Waving arms, strutting legs, mobile face,
My body clad in velvets
Against a flaming back drop,
The stage set for me alone!

I want to play an audacious monologue,
All alone, alone,
But for white forests of clapping hands,
Beating their whiteness for me,
Bald heads shining for joy of my grace,
Thick lips curled for my humor,
Bright eyes strained to my passion,
Hearts swept to oneness
By the coaxing of my genius.

Alone!
Alone! with applause,
With the warm sweet clamor
Of applause.

Some nights I shall go,
Alone, by myself,

Out into the snow, cold snow,
With the back-drop night
Set rather far away,
I and the Universe,
I, the player, Player to Eternity,
Infinity an audience
For me!

I shall dance there,
I shall mime there
As I never danced and mimed before,
I shall play Yorick to the stars,
Yorick to the moon,
Yorick to the Heavens,

Insolently bowing,
Patronizing Heaven,
I shall acknowledge
The verdict of the stars.

Then I shall sit on the hills,
Toss my skull to the stars,
Play Yorick again,
Infinitely play Yorick,
Clattering my slender skeleton

To the dry applause
Of millions of ghouls.
Oh, yes! I shall play grandly,
Waving thin femurs, clicking clean jaws,
Strutting magnificently
Among the tombstones!

Exhibition

PATTEN was born in the hills,
He grew in a circle of mountains,
The words of the peaks were his gospel,
He spoke the language of clouds.

Patten drew pictures on barns,
Some say that the grey elves taught him,
Some say that he watched the ferns,
That they taught him the magic of tracery.

Patten drew pictures on birches,
Red berry stains smeared upon birches,
Faces of demons and angels;
But mostly faces of demons.

Then Patten drew pictures of hills,
Hills that were long and rolling,
Hills that were high and eager,
Hills like great-breasted women,
Brown and healthy and lazy,
Hills like violets hiding
In the lush grass of spring meadows,
Hills like tempestuous flames

Striking from Hell toward Heaven,
Hills burned black and hideous
Like the hearts of forgotten mothers.

Patten drew pictures of clouds,
Of soft clouds drooping and sleepy,
Of storm clouds wild and voracious,
Of dawn clouds dainty and loving,
Of noon clouds calm and reposeful,
Of clouds that hid the sun
And clouds that bore gods to feasting.

Then Patten had finished his pictures.

"I have painted it all," he said.

"A man who has painted the hills
Knows all the secrets of earth,
And a man who has painted the clouds
Knows the ultimate fate of the gods! "

But one more picture he made,
The test of his life and his wisdom.
Dead on the hills they found him,
His fingers stained with red berries,
And there on a delicate birch tree,
He had painted his *magnum opus* —
Under was written, "God,"
And the picture — a likeness of Patten!

Mummia*

SUBWAY faces in lines,
Crash! Jam! Crash!
Winking little eyes,
Little blobs of fat,
Little lines like fans,
Little lines like paws,
Terrible lines of faces,
Eternally eager and crushing!

Gargantuan sarcophagus
Peopled row on row!
Very ambitious mummies,
Dead, dried, wrapped,

Shrivelled little mummies
Somewhat sweet from spices,
Poor ambitious mummies!

Who is it now who comes,
Lover of *objets d'art*,
Seeking a decoration
For the open space in his hall-way,

* A drink made by alcoholizing the bodies from
Egyptian tombs.

Touching, with long slender fingers
Tenderly, lest he should injure
Such excellent preservation!

Who is it now who comes?
Noted for excellent cellars,
Daintily plucking your bodies
To season the evening's cocktail!
Plop! —and down you go!
After a cracked-ice shaking,
Into a stiff fat wife
Before a rich fat dinner.
Um-m! What a curious flavor!
Subway faces in lines—
Very ambitious mummies,
Curiously preserved!

Sun-spots

THERE are spots across the sun,
Blotching its relentless flaming,
Purple blots upon its burning,
Cold and black upon its fury.
Go you out and gaze upon it.
Gaze upon that disk of fire.
Let it fight its way with scarlet
To the hollow of your vision,
Till it pains and sears and scratches,
Till the pointed lights are dancing
Thrust upon your brain like rivets,
Striking through your inner vision.

Black spots prancing,
Scarlet reeling,
Purple flowing,
Quivering, glowing,
Wriggling little worms of light
On the pattern of your sight,
Little points of delicate pain
Dancing madness on the brain.
Apple blossoms crisp and fall,

Hyacinths curl, brown and trembling,
Naked bathers by the river
Turn from rosy flesh to livid.

And the great god sun grows blacker,
With a blackness that is heat,
Hot and great in a hot Heaven,
Like the chariot of a demon,
Hot and swollen in blue Heaven,
Suddenly loosed and wild and bursting,
Rolling down among the stars
With one final stream of glory
To its absolute oblivion.

Cold and dark, dark and cold,
Dried and dead, dried and old,
Old and dead and wrapped in stillness,
Utterly destroyed.

Hymn to Lucifer

O LUCIFER, Bright Prince of Sin,
Teach me what ways to wander in,
That I may know the grim desire
That stretches man across Hell's fire.

Teach me thy mandates to rehearse,
Teach me the sabbath witches' curse,
Show me the cloaks thy slaves have worn
To stand before God's throne in scorn.

Teach me the mastery of hate,
Of wickedness most intricate,
Of passions blacker than black flames,
Of darker crimes that bear no names.

I would know you throughout all time,
I'd earn a Doctorate of Crime—
Until, with sin quite understood,
My heart might entertain the good.

The Squaw

(For Margaret Severn)

Who am I, a hated thing, a squaw,
Patterned and pressed into a man-made mold,
Only to grind the corn, only to sow,
Only to watch, to wait, to wonder here.

Where the great camp-fires touch the droop-
ing stars

And the wild night things cry across the
moon,

I to the watch, I to the mourners go,
Heavy in heart, weary in foot and womb,
Bearer of burdens,

Bearer of children, so

Must I go toward the rainbow, laden low,
For who am I, a hated thing, a squaw?

Why must I press my hand across my mouth
To keep the cry of hate back in my soul?

Why must I lie awake and long to strike
The quiet face of him who lies beside?

Mountains and hills, you, too, lie passive here,
And valleys there below, you wonder, too.

Do you not long to turn your hearts to God,
To dance at noon-tide and to love at night?
And when the hunt goes rustling through
the marsh,
Where the quick deer's brown eyes peer
through the fern,
I would go softly, I would go swiftly, too,
Soft on the moss, swift and soft on the hills,
Long stride, swift stride, strong stride, true
stride,
I, the proud hunter,
I, the proud marksman, I,
Bearer of bows and arrows,
Braver than all,
I, to bring home the dappled deer to roast.
But who am I — a hated thing, a squaw?

When I have watched the red limbs gleam and
pass,
When the bright arrows quiver in the flame,
Tom-tom and war cry beat against my heart,
Devils of hate tear down my weaknesses.
Bring the red paint, oh, bring the weapons
here.

I would smear boldly on my naked limbs
Signals of blood, signals of hate, of war.

Dancing to madness in the open fire,
Beat your drums, O War Chiefs, beat your
drums,

O War Chiefs, beat your drums,

O War Chiefs, beat your drums,

O War Chiefs!

Hate to Hate, Arrow to Arrow, beat,

Beat your drums, O War Chiefs,

Beat your drums, O War Chiefs,

Beat your drums!

Drums, Drums, Flames, Flames, I,

Braver than braves whose great hands dare
the sun,

I, the warrior, I, the saviour of tribes,

I, the hero of battles, equal of gods.

But who am I, a hated thing, a squaw?

So the sun sinks,

And so must I return,

Sink into stillness by the wigwam door.

Why should I stay quiet through the years,

Under his hand, under his feet?

O Soul,

O Woman's Soul, why must you dream and
wait?

Break from his hand,

Break from his hand!

Go free,

Go cast yourself before the ready wind,

Let your loosed soul blow out on open ways.

Down and down below the great rocks lie.

Shall I flee from him, cast myself below?

If I should step, a step so tiny here,

I would go freely, freely to the winds,

My old soul lying on new wings of God.

Down, down — one step —

Why should I wait and dream? —

Down, down — one step —

Why should I wonder here? —

Down, down, — one step —

Down, down,

Down — Oh, hear!

Hear on the path,

Strongly and strongly there,
Pound of great strides.
How strong, how strong and brave,
Back from the hunt he comes.
O strong, O brave,

Shall I turn humbly now to meet his arms?

Down, down — one step —
No . . . No!

There is no question, there is no waiting now,
Only I know I need his great arms here,
Only I know I need his hot lips here,
Only I know he is the life of me,
Wars, hunts, souls, bodies, hearts and gods
Are mingled in the burning of his eyes.

Take me, beat me, crush me,
Love me — so!
Break me beneath the stone that grinds the
corn.

I am your field, I am your broken field,
Take, then, the harvest,
Take — while I forget,
For — who am I — a hated thing, a squaw?

The Doctor of Lebanon Passes

October 18, 1844

[A poem for the dedication of a monument at Hartford Village to Doctor Phineas Parkhurst, hero of the Revolution, and famous physician and citizen of Royalton, Vermont, and of Lebanon, New Hampshire.]

PALE morning wakes the yellow lands
And quiet slim mists scatter and run
As night flees, thwarted and undone.
Her shadows that the dawn-fires banish
Ripple along the hills and vanish
Where saffron-proud October stands
Flinging her brown arms to the sun —
Crowned by his flame in Lebanon.

Phineas Parkhurst sees the day,
Slowly his gray lids quiver and rise
And there is wonder in his eyes.
He jerks his head from pillowed ease.
“He’s conscious now,” they say. “He sees.”
And, shuddering toward his bed, they pray;
But, genially, the old man lies,
In death’s ways he is very wise.

“So, you’ve all come to see me die.
Well, I’ll not keep you long,” he says.
“I’ve seen child-bearing through my days
And birth and death are much the same,
The tiny flickering of a flame,
A gasp for breath, a feeble cry
To Him who starts and ends our days —
Mysterious his mighty ways!

“And not for me to fathom, no,
No, I’ve not yet traced out God’s plan,
I’ve watched you since your lives began,
When you were naked, cracked and red,
Helpless in your mother’s bed,
I’ve watched you wake, and flower, and
grow.

Yes, eighty-five’s a weary span.
And I’ve not figured God nor man.” —

“Now mules are different — I’ve raised those
For years — They’re cussed, yes; but then
You learn just when to beat, and when
To sugar them with easy words.
It’s so with dogs, it’s so with birds;
But only man himself, man knows,

When he fails — turn to mules again.
I'd rather deal with mules than men! ”

The old lids droop and flutter down —
“ Dead? Dead? ” they whisper. “ No, he
sleeps.”

How still the room as someone weeps,
Till down the road sharp hoof-beats shiver,
A horseman by Mascoma River!
And like a wind, old memory sweeps.
Upright, Phineas Parkhurst leaps.

Back from his chest the clothes are flung,
His arms are tense and gripped and strong,
They seem to swing the bed along.
His fiery hands have known death's grip,
His dry tongue clicks, he swings the whip.
His eyes are wide and keen and young,
And, like a hollow brazen gong
His old voice rumbles into song!

At Royalton! At Royalton!
Indians at Royalton!
Ring, O Bell! Speak, O Gun!

Indians at Royalton.

The river's red, and Pember's done,
A tory's played the devil's son,
At Royalton! At Royalton!

What's this stinging through my side?
Ride, Phineas Parkhurst, ride.

Indians at Royalton!
Fire the old alarm gun!
What's this crimson on your side?
Phineas Parkhurst, ride, ride!
At Royalton! At Royalton!
Ring, O Bell! Speak, O Gun!
Indians at Royalton!

Three miles gone, with eighteen more.
Joel Marsh, what are you staring for?
Indians have come, I say!
Get your gun and fire away!

Royalton! Royalton!
Fire the old alarm gun,
Indians at Royalton!

What's this burns my body so?
Go, Phineas Parkhurst, go!

Royalton, Royalton,
They've fired the fields at Royalton!

That's the girl, a drink for Dick —
A swig for Phineas —
Quick, girl, quick!
Pack your silver in the bed,
Pember's done, the river's red;
Royalton! Royalton!
Indians at Royalton!

Phineas, ride the wings of Hell.
Ten o'clock and all is well!

Royalton! Royalton!
Fire the old alarm gun!

Stephen Tilden's tavern door —
Faster, Phineas, more and more!

The fields are flames at Royalton,
Ring, O Bell! Speak, O Gun!
Indians at Royalton!

Five miles left. Come, Phineas, speed —
Other wounds than yours will bleed!

At Royalton! At Royalton!
Indians at Royalton!
Indians at rise of sun,
At Royalton! At Royalton!

Royalton! Royalton!
Indians at Royalton!

Ten thousand bullets in your side,
Phineas Parkhurst, ride! ride!

Blasted English gold has won,
At Royalton! At Royalton!
The barns are black,
Old Pember's done!
Royalton! Royalton!

Fire the old alarm gun,
Indians at rise of sun
At Royalton! At Royalton!

Eighteen miles, the river's past,
Old Robinson's at last, at last!
Eighteen miles from Royalton!
Fire the old alarm gun!
They're Indians at Royalton!

What's the matter? Poor old Dick!
Give the horse some brandy, quick!

What's this mist that clouds the hill?
Indians! — They've come to kill.

Fire the old alarm gun!
Royalton, Royalton!

Eighteen miles, good Dick, we're done.
Ring, O Bell! Speak, O Gun!
From Royalton, Royalton!

No, Dick! Old Dick! We're just begun.
Royalton! From Royalton!

Away! To saddle, and we're gone —
Hi, Dick! Up across the dawn.

See the glory of His Name
Written in October flame.

Hear the Glory of His Words,
From the late October birds.

Hear His Voice of trampling thunder
As the gold hills split asunder,

Crack before us, open wide.
Ride through, Phineas Parkhurst, ride!

Royalton! Royalton!
Ring, O Bell! Speak, O Gun!
Indians at Royalton!
Steady, Dick, our ride is done,
From Royalton, Royalton!

What's this, Dick, that clogs the breath?
Dick, my Dick, — can this be — death?

Quiet again, but with eyes staring wide,
The white head fell across the pallid bed.
Someone whispered: "Hush! The doctor's
dead."

They pulled the blinds. Shut out the gen-
erous sun

As people do when life is greyly done.

One asked, "And when was Phineas Park-
hurst's ride? "

An old man sighed, and shook his knowing
head.

"Just sixty-four years ago to-day," he said.

Ancients of New England

[Lines for the 150th anniversary of the founding of Burlington, Vermont.]

*STAND back from the lake, proud mountains,
Under the proud clouds,
Guard well the fertile valleys,
Guard well the little towns,
Proud mountains of New England,
Mountains of Vermont.*

Who are these who walk upon you,
In the wonder of slow dawn,
Stand upon your forehead, Mansfield,
Walk from peak to peak across you,
Stand like giants looking down,
Looking down upon the lake?
Surely they are of New England,
They who stand like giants on you,
Born and bred and died New England,
Stern and proud as you, proud mountains,
Soul and heart and limb New England,
Ancients of the mountain contry,
Ancients of the little towns,
Ancients of Vermont.

Sunset-robed, the gaunt Algonquin,
And the Iroquois, star-feathered,
Gather up the smoke of camp-fires
For a screen before the morning,
Give the speed of their swift bodies
For the subtlety of peoples,
Give the calm of their deep vision
For the founding of the nation,
Give the black flint of their arrows
For the courage of New England,
Proud and silent on the mountains,
Proud and silent on the lake.

Ethan, Ira, Ebenezer,
Good, mouth-filling names, New England,
Good shots and good soldiers, Allens,
Yes — good farmers, too, New England,
Ethan, Ira, Ebenezer.

Ethan, Ira, Ebenezer,
Block-house nights and days of trapping,
Great snows flung across the mountains,
Quick springs foaming down the rivers,
Flint on flint and stone on stone,
Aching muscle, binding sinew,
Forest dared and red-coat daunted,
Ethan, Ira, Ebenezer.

Ethan, Ira, Ebenezer,
Looking down upon the lake,
Sturdy heart of us, New England,
Fortress walls and blossomed meadows,
"Open in God's name," New England,
Proud and sturdy on the mountains,
Keen-eyed ancients of New England,
Ethan, Ira, Ebenezer,
Ancients of the mountain country,
Ancients of Vermont.

Axe upon the pine-tree,
Axe upon the chestnut,
Axe upon the elm,
Chestnut, pine-tree, elm,
Lordly shadows lowered,
Trunk and leaf and branch.
Axe swings for the home-land,
Felix Powell swings it,
Swings it with a fervor.
Ring axe on rock-land,
Move plow in rich-land,
Clover shine in meadow-land,
Felix Powell's meadow-land,
Felix Powell's home-land.

Snow upon the waters, apple-trees,
Let white shrift of blossoms float on blue,
Hide among the mosses, shy arbutus,
Flaunt your yellow in the grasses, buttercup,
Spring, grey vines, upon the curdled bark,
Up, corn, shoot up through the firm soil,
Wave, wheat, under the August sun.
Axe upon the pine-tree,
Felix Powell swings it,
Pauses to look upward,
Pauses on the homeland,
Upward toward the mountains.
Where the gaunt Algonquin
Stands in mute surrender,
Stands Remember Baker,
Stand the Allens, Ethan,
Ira, Ebenezer,
Ancients of the mountains,
Ancients of Vermont,
Conscious of their prowess,
Humble under the mountains,
Humble by the lake,
Humble under the towering thunder clouds,
Conscious of the stern claims of New Eng-
land,

Humble, yet proud as the mountains,
Like children, as they smell the spires of
 lilacs,
Like Gods, as they breathe the air of moun-
 tain winds.

*Stand back from the lake, proud mountains,
Under the proud clouds,
Guard well the fertile valleys,
Guard well the little towns,
Proud mountains of New England,
Proud ancients of New England,
Mountains and ancients of Vermont.*

“The Growler” and “The Eagle” spoke
 up across the bay,
They dropped their shot in Burlington, then
 turned and sped away;
But many a lusty matron
A-standing by her door
Heard well the guns from Plattsburg —
The guns to end the war.
“The Growler” and “The Eagle” with
 British flags high flung
No longer boast on Plattsburg bay — the bells
 of peace have rung.

“The Dolphin,” “The Maria” — oh, they
are ships of peace,
Dick Fittock sends them up the lake for com-
merce and increase,
And in Dick Fittock’s Tavern
When daily toil is done
A man *may* toast Lord Nelson — but “*Here’s*
to Washington.”

And in Dick Fittock’s Tavern,
While talk goes up and down,
A reputation’s slaughtered — here’s scandal
of the town.

“Tom’s bought a horse” —

“Dick’s found a girl” —

“She soon will have her third” —

“The crops are mighty poor this year” —

“He whipped her — had you heard?”

Around, around, around, around,

The busybodies go —

A rumor travels here and there,

A rumor, fast or slow;

But on the brooding mountains,

And by the dreaming lake,

The Ancients of New England
Are watchful and awake.

“The Phoenix” burned three miles from
shore.

Dick Sherman, twenty-two,
Saved every soul upon her,
Both passengers and crew.
He lashed them to the planking,
He stilled their cries and fears,
With fire in the scuppers,
With fire about his ears.

A brawny lad, Dick Sherman,
Who lived life merrily,
With ribbons on his dude's cap,
With ribbons on his knee.
The town admired, the town disdained,
They sang their ballads gay,
But Dick was neither pleased nor pained,
He went his ribald way.

“Ha, ha, ha, that's the fun,
For dandy Dick of the Burlington.”
Yes—

“Ha, ha, ha, that’s the fun,
For dandy Dick of the Burlington.”

Full many a singer sang his song,
And preachers wed and buried,
For citizens and their offspring
Must oft be dead or married.

And there were lovers on the hills,
Bright shoes upon their feet,
And there were lovers on the lake,
Such love is very meet.

The dawn comes over Mansfield,
The evenings flood the lake,
The milk-carts rattle on the streets,
The servant girls awake.

The day is here! The day is here!
The day is done — is done,
One hundred and fifty years of them,
Three hundred and sixty-five a year,
Have greeted Burlington.

Oh, we who are New England,
Whether we will or no,

We watch the sun on Mansfield,
We watch the springtime go —
We are of the mountains,
We are of the lake,
We, too, dare to stand there,
Stand there in the slow dawn
Humble under the mountains.
Humbly with the Ancients,
Rooted in New England,
People of the mountains,
Mountains of New England,
Mountains of Vermont.

*Stand back from the lake, proud mountains,
Under the proud clouds,
Guard well the fertile valleys,
Guard well the little towns,
Proud mountains of New England,
Proud Ancients of New England.
Proud heart of us, New England,
Mountains and Ancients of Vermont.*

CAVALIER

(*For E. M.*)

For Amaryllis at Tea-time

I'M very tired of tea-rooms
With silly cups of blue,
They'll do for ordinary girls,
They're trivial for you!

So some day we'll go flying
Celestial tea to sup,
We'll clamber up the sunset,
Up and up and up.

And you will sit on Venus
And I shall sit on Mars,
The clouds will be our muffins,
Our jam will be the stars,

We'll use the Dipper for our drink
And stupid swains below
Will gape and wonder, looking up,
To see you burn and glow;

To see you shame the evening star —
Your beauty like a flame.
Now after this, I ask you,
Aren't tea-rooms rather tame?

When Amaryllis Bowls

My Amaryllis was not made
Like ordinary souls!
The Milky Way's her bowling green,
She uses moons for bowls.

She swings them down the starry sward
Till all of Heaven wakes.
Oh! Truly she's no common girl —
She wins eternal stakes!

Magic

TURN apple blooms to silver,
Turn buttercups to gold?
That's a very common gift,
Age on ages old;

But when my Amaryllis smiles,
A half a second after,
Her Midas touch transmutes the world
From grumpiness to laughter!

Epicurean Wizardry

WHEN Amaryllis feeds me,
Her magic carries far,
For toasted cheese and crackers
Transform to caviar.

Her herring, golden pheasants are,
Her biscuits, Israel's fare,
The orange on her salad —
An alligator pear!

And when I'm sick, she doses me;
But there's no taste nor pain,
For ipecac's ambrosia
And castor oil's champagne,

The Quality of Salesman-ship

ALONG the Broadway reaches,
They light their wares with flame —
They squander millions every night
To blazon out a name!

Rolling tires of rubber,
Butterflies of light,
Music-halls in violet
And gum in dazzling white!

Now what a foolish bother,
If they'd just stop to think,
They'd save their trillion points of light,
They'd save their printer's ink!

The way to sell a petticoat,
The way to sell a plate,
The way to sell a motor-car
Or auction New York State,

The way to sell an airplane,
A vase, or gum, or pill, is,
To write quite plainly on the edge,
"As used by Amaryllis!"

Couturier to Fairyland

SPANGLES for Titania's gown,
Search the forest, scour the town!
Bring her moon-fringe,
Bring her star flowers —
Bring her sunshine where it clings
To the humming-bird's mad wings,
Bring her newt's eyes,
Bring her quartz-glint,
Bring her drops of adder's blood,
Bring her phosphorescent wood!

But, oh! Titania, if you're wise,
You'll scorn such ordinary sights
And use the tiny greeny lights,
The greying, dancing, moving lights
In Amaryllis' eyes.

A Book for a Valentine

My lady of the Valentine is lovelier by far
Than mountains, hills, or little streams,
Than dawn or evening star.

Now should I send her candy, perfume, or
violets?

Why, those are just the silly things
That every lady gets!

I cannot cut my heart out to send her wrapped
in gold,
I cannot send her kisses,
For distance makes them cold.

So I shall send a story book, as long as it can
be,
And all the time she's reading it,
Perhaps she'll think of me.

A Valentine in Mixed Figures

THE love of Amaryllis is like a peacock's
feather,

It sparkles like canaries' eyes, it glistens like
gay weather.

The love of Amaryllis is like a jester dancing,
A madder thing than tossing bells, than red
and yellow prancing,

The love of Amaryllis is like coyotes play-
ing,

A swifter thing than sunshine, a torrent there's
no staying,

It leaps across eternal voids, unharnesses all
Laws,

The love of Amaryllis transcends and is a
CAUSE!

Bondage

OH! If I had my own way,
I'd be a libertine —
I'd jump through parlor windows,
I'd gambol on the green.

Oh! If I had my own way,
I'd laugh from dawn to night,
I'd never think, I'd never work,
But revel in delight —

Oh! If I had my own way,
But oh! My will is hers,
And laughter will not clothe her,
Nor mischief buy her furs.

So! — since I've not my own way,
I cannot play the clown,
Instead of wearing cap and bells —
I must wear cap and gown!

Burbanking

I'LL filch the golden pollen
From half a million bees,
And I'll dust it on some quiet bloom
Before she even sees!

Salvia for passion,
Daffodils for grace,
And a jack-rose for the blushes
To warm her petal-face!
Candy-tuft for mischief,
Pansy-buds for pluck,
Mignonette for gentleness
And clover-leaves for luck!
Champion of the blossoms
That bloomed in Heaven or earth,
This scintillating hybrid
That I shall bring to birth.
Sly Cupid will purloin her
To shine in Venus' bower,
The seedling of the centuries,
The Amaryllis-flower!

Torick Obeys

COMMAND! — and I'll do anything,
Fair mistress of life's circus ring!
I'll paint my face a clownish white,
With antic japes for your delight,
I'll fashion simian caperings
If you'll manipulate the strings.
I'll hurtle hand-springs through Park Row
If your high humor rules it so.
I'll toe-dance on the Woolworth Tower,
Ride bare-back through the luncheon hour.
Jump down from Brooklyn Bridge at dawn
Turn somersaults on your front lawn.
I'll leap, I'll fly, I'll jump, I'll swim
To satisfy your slightest whim!
But, tyrant — why this final lash?
O Amaryllis! — a moustache?

Ballerina

CELEBRATE Pavlova's twirling,
Karsavina's dizzy whirling,
Fokine's Bacchanalian revels,
Dances on Olympian levels.
Call Terpsichore herself
From her legendary shelf,
Bow yourself in posture low,
Kiss her titillating toe!

But, write not of Grace nor Dance,
Lest you've seen, by lucky chance,
Broadway stop in dumb applause,
Elevated railroads pause,
Rowdy taxis cower, still,
Street and windows, hush and fill,
Watching, silent near and far,
Amaryllis catch her car!

Proper Worship

YESTERDAY at evening, over all the town
I saw the Woolworth Tower bend
And humbly quiver down;
Its crusted heights submissive,
It leaned upon Park Row
Like a goddess from Olympus,
Genuflecting low.

And only I of all the world
Knew why its towers bowed down;
Why! To worship Amaryllis,
Stately Amaryllis,
In an emerald hat with cherries
And a new jade gown.

The Jealous Lover

IF I were an Arab
With a battle horse to ride,
I'd show you how I loved you,
I'd win you for my bride.

I'd ride across the desert
Like an untamed, unfixed star
Where the white moons fire the spear-points
And the ghosts of warriors are.

I'd whirl my sword in golden gyres,
Till my enemy lay dead,
And where I held my gift for you,
The white horse would be red.

But I am not an Arab
So I must make you rhymes
And send you pale tea roses,
Oh! these are stupid times.

.

And if I were an Arab,
Bringing gifts to you,
And found beneath your tent-flap
Another Arab, too,

I'd choke him like a rabbit,
I'd crack him rib and thigh,
I'd throw his carcass to the night,
I'd toss his wet head high.

I'd throw his head across the moon
Till all the sky was red,
I'd toss his trappings to the stars,
I'd dance upon him, dead!

I'd catch you with my dripping hands
I'd light you like a flame,
Till you forgot that Arab's voice,
That Arab's face and name;

But I am not an Arab,
And when I see him go
As I come up the stairs to you
I smile — and say, "Hello."

Prothalamion for Amaryllis

SEVEN swans of deepest black
Drag your lachrymosal hack,
Seven minstrels chanting runes,
Slim legs hid by crêpe festoons,
Faces paled by scented powder,
Voices, than wee frogs, not louder,
Bear the onyx slab on which
You approach the Stygian ditch!

Dawn is hid by clouds of thunder,
Purple heaven splits asunder,
Circuses and side-shows weep,
Little babies, lions, sheep,
Chorus girls, conductors, teachers,
Pierrettes and even preachers,
Moan to see a mad heart buried.
What? My Amaryllis married?

Epithalamion for Amaryllis

WELL-A-WAY; and so you pass,
Aye, you were a comely lass,
And I'll probably remember
Until, oh! at least September.
So here's farewell, Amaryllis,
Thank kind Heaven that there still is
Youth and Hope, Aye — Let there be a
Fanfare for My DOROTHEA!

PORTRAITS
WAR WOMEN
1917-18
(*For H. P.*)

Gabrielle

You sit there by the door and watch them go,
And smile and smile and wave your silly
hand,

No doubt you'd *like* to go. I understand
It isn't your fault that you're most half buried,
But I would give a good deal if I'd married
A real man, though.

I haven't anyone to whom to wave,
No one to worry or to wonder for,
But only you, there, snivelling by the door.
No one to knit for, work for, dream — just
this!

No hero's grave!

A Nun

HE died at morning. I was nursing then;
The priest had shriven him, and his soul was
white;

But in the stillness of that burdened night
His tired eyes opened — his hand moved to
mine.

I took it softly. Pardon me, divine
Mary, Mother of men.

Then, first, I noticed his strong face, grown
thin,

The fever of his lips, the childish eyes
That longed for comfort. Was I too unwise
To stoop, and in the nest of darkness, kiss
Away his fear of death? Oh speak, was this,
Mary, a fearful sin?

Sister Agatha

AT "Notre Dame de la Victoire," each day
I'd be,
Inside the door — for alms — six years or
more,
And it was very dull before the war —
A few old widows dropping in by day,
It *was* a nice convenient place to pray,
But scarce a sou for me.

But now? Candle on candle shines for You,
Dear Lady — they come to pray for Victory;
And when they go they leave a bit for me.
I'm very grateful! — What if Peace should
come?
Dark shrines again. The aisles and altars
dumb,
My basket empty, too!

Marie

WHY did they bring me up so cold and stern?
All that was mine he could have had, and yet,
Longing to give, I never could forget
The primness they had taught me. Oh, how
 brave,
How very brave he was. What love he gave
And I so slow to learn.

He said, "I'm going out to-night, and I,
I love you. Could I carry with me this,"
He touched me, "a great memory of a kiss?"
Oh, to have given him what was mine to give.
Great memory? Oh! What emptiness to live,
Having sent him, thus, to die!

Marguerite

I USED to live quite close to Domremy,
And in the quiet evening light, I'd go
To dream where Ste. Jeanne dreamed. Ah,
yes, I know

My visionings *were* dreams; but I have seen
White legions and Jeanne palfried like a
queen
Riding to victory.

I would have gone when angels trumpets
blew;
But times have changed. They would have
called me queer.
And so, I did the work that brought me here;
I loaded shells. Flame tore my heart to-day.
But through the pain came joy. Now voices
say,
"You'll ride behind her, too."

Rene

I KNEW he would be brave — so when they
said,

“ He led them like a furious demi-god,
Shouting before them through the burning
sod —

Up first, through first ” — it wasn't a surprise;
But it was what might linger in his eyes
That made my heart afraid.

They sent him back — disabled from the line.
I heard him coming. Would he be the same?
Had his love blacked or twisted in the flame?
Blindly I walked into his first embrace —
Then, slowly, searched the wonder of his face,
Unalterably mine!

Lucile

I'M never lonely now when I'm alone.
You grieve because he's dead. He did not
die —
Not slowly blotted out as you and I,
But swift, shell-shattered, as he struggled
there,
His soul embodied suddenly in air,
Like snow, wind-blown.

You cannot rightly know — nor ever see
His vivid eyes, his lips that cover mine.
He's changed? Yes, grown a little bit divine,
Yet, oh, so natural! He's dead, you say?
No! No! He's just come back at last to
stay,
Forever, so, with me!

Louise

PROUDLY and infinitely young, he went
With cheering and with trumpets to the war,
He wore my bright love token like a star
And we knew life might be the sacrifice.
His gentle life — and yet that bitter price,
We would have gladly spent.

Old blood is on his bayonet like rust, .
The glory and the visioning are gone.
His hands are fire; and his lips are drawn.
Only his bright eyes twinkle from the white
That *was* his face. Lord, freely in thy sight
I give him Love for Lust!

THE END

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Farrar, John C.

The middle twenties.

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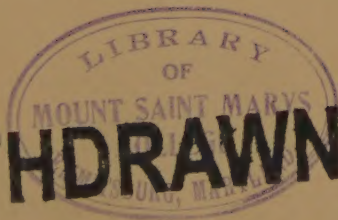
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REPLACEMENT CARD



WITHDRAWN

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